

Exclusive Old World News by Special Cable to the Times-Dispatch

AMERICAN PAYING GUEST OF AN ENGLISH COUNTESS

How Some Noble Families Add to Their Incomes by Introducing Wealthy Yankees to the Elite of Society

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, August 12. IN THE current issue of the Daily Mail appears a letter signed "An American Visitor." The disclosures he makes are no extraordinary that the editor required him to furnish documents establishing the genuineness of the communications to which he refers in the course of his letter, which reads as follows: "I am seated in a deck chair under a tassel-bordered awning, and I am watching the after part of a certain noble yacht that to-day makes a unit in a great flotilla of boats."

Having dined well at a board graced by the presence of probably more real aristocrats than the whole of my countrymen in Wall street, I have never since felt so much at home. I am seated in a deck chair under a tassel-bordered awning, and I am watching the after part of a certain noble yacht that to-day makes a unit in a great flotilla of boats."

The word of that motto is totally inapplicable to the profession of boarding. I have been adopted by the present scion of the race, myself being the first "paying guest" to be received in the bosom of this distinguished but impoverished family. For something approaching the salary which I pay, I have been adopted by the present scion of the race, myself being the first "paying guest" to be received in the bosom of this distinguished but impoverished family.

The Dowager's was one of thirty-eight replies which I received, quite half of them bearing the names and coronets of people who make a great splash in Society. I was vulgar Americans, term it. One application had an impressive daub of purple wax on the flap of the envelope, with a big coronet half-way in the middle of it. Nestling between the circle of balls, or drumsticks as we should probably call them over yonder, were certain floral emblems, indicative, so far as I understand these things, of the topmost rung of the social ladder, that they were strawberry leaves. A great Duchess was ambitious to become my "landlady."

"Try to come to me in frameless shoes," the Duchess wrote; "for there I shall be able to give you some valuable introductions. Terms, inclusive, ten guineas a week."

A second application was respectfully invited by another great lady, without whose name no issue of the "Court Circular" would be complete. From this interesting document I take the following extract: "I can introduce you to the is, of course, if you are un-American to his Highness the Prince of Monaco. His yacht is the finest at Cowes. I will telephone to him to-morrow, when perhaps we can arrange an interview at my house."

This applicant declined to mention terms, leaving the delicate question to be settled by myself.

Four Guineas a Week. For the ridiculously modest recompense of four guineas a week I was offered the use of a house and the assistance of its titled owner, who undertook to introduce me during the first week to one peer of the realm, one nephew of a second peer, to her sister-in-law, Lady —, and her niece, the Countess of —.

"Thus you see," concluded the applicant, "I can offer you the best of society."

Of the many applications received, my secretary decided that the one entered by the Dowager Countess already referred to seemed to offer the best opportunities. Wherefore I found that the exact price of the advertisement—the door of the highest English society was flung wide to welcome me.

The next day, in response to a telegram, the successful applicant, the Dowager Countess herself, rang me up on the hotel telephone. Americans who visit England have a way of criticizing your non-hunting, unbusinesslike ways, but I should just have some dealings with a few billiard-burdened, entail-ridden aristocrats looking for "paying guests," and they would shed that idea as completely as a snake casts its skin.

No Wall Street man on the "jump" could have handled a phone better than did the Dowager, and the way she "stuck" through the subsequent negotiations made me the last of a long, illustrious line of "paying guests."

Week at Goodwood. I find the latter test rather difficult, but a week at Goodwood and the exercise of a fair initiative faculty have rubbed off a few of the sharper corners of that objectionable "twang," and the Dowager still gives me daily "finishing courses," as she calls it, after lunch on the yacht.

Behold me this evening sitting on one of the smartest yachts in Cowes Roads, well satisfied with everybody and everything; for I am certainly getting my money's worth. Gracefully reclining in a cane chair a little distance away is one of the most beautiful debutantes of the past season—a tall, slim girl, with rich coils of hair like burnished bronze, and eyes that rival the blue of the Scotch around us.

The white of a gracefully-curved shoulder peeps from under a wrap that has slipped away as if loath to hide that touch of beauty from appreciative eyes. She is the Dowager's "cungest" daughter, and being an impressionable bachelor, with enough money to build up the shattered fortunes of this good old family—well, it is rather curious, the smoke from my cigar as it curls lazily upward forms a succession of rings.

A few yards away on my left sits the Dowager Countess. In the russet glow of the setting sun she looks almost pretty again, and I can well believe the story that in mid-Victorian days she was an autocratic queen of beauty, at whose frown men went tiger hunting in India and did other desperate things. The story, indeed, cannot but be true, for the Dowager herself told me.

Leaning over the back of her chair stands her eldest son, the present Earl. With that mark of filial respect which seems a bit "showy" to Americans, but is a nothing good to behold sometimes, the Earl removes his yachting cap before speaking to his mother. Her sweet old face—suggestive somehow of the serene twilight of the beautiful day that lingers about the sea this evening—is upturned to him, and I note that her hair is almost as white as the powdered locks of the man who has just brought me coffee.

"I know he is indignant that his mother has taken a 'paying guest,' and that she is defending her action on the ground that everybody does it," the Earl snubs me subtly at every opportunity. His lordship must be careful, or otherwise I shall tell him that I could have obtained as good accommodation elsewhere at cheaper rates. Besides, I shall no longer allow him to teach me bridge at six-penny points.



THE TONGSAR PENLOP OF BHUTAN AND HIS RETINUE NOW IN TIBET

The Tongsar Penlop, who is now in Tibet to offer his services as intermediary between the Dalai Lama, the supreme head of the Tibetan hierarchy, and the British Government, is the friendly Indian State through which the expedition to Tibet passed. He is occupying an independent position as a friendly intermediary, who hopes to bring about an understanding between the two governments. The government of Bhutan is a highly complex one; nominally the head of the State is the Dharma Raja (religious king) or Shabdon Rimboche, a saint with this peculiar privilege of being always reincarnated in one family. The nominal secular head is the Deb Raja, who is supposed to be elected by the Council of State for three years. The real power, however, lies with the Eastern or Conqueror province, and the Western or Paro province of Bhutan. In the early sixties the Deb Nago or "Black Deb" was really powerful, and he left what may be called his kingdom to his descendants or nephews.

MAY ACT AS INTERMEDIARY BETWEEN TIBET'S GRAND LAMA AND ENGLAND

Bhutanese Governor Not Unlikely to Influence Native Priests in the Forbidden Land to Come to Terms With the Invaders Now Camped Outside Sacred City of Lassa

By Edmund Candler

Special Correspondence

ARI, SIKKIM, July 4. I WRITE in an old forest rest house on the borders of British Bhutan.

The place is quiet and pastoral; climbing roses overhang the roof and invade the bedrooms; martins have built their nests in the eaves; cuckoos are calling among the chestnuts down the hill. Outside is a flower garden; gay with geraniums and petunias and familiar English plants that have overrun their straggling borders and scattered themselves in the narrow plot of grass that fringes the forest. Some government officer must have planted them years ago and left them to fight it out with nature and the carter.

The forest has encroached, and it is hard to say where are the ends of the bushes and ends. Beside a rose bush there has sprung up the solid pink club of the wild ginger and from a bed of amaryllis a giant arum raises itself four feet in its dappled, snake-like sheath. Gardens have most charm in spots like this, where their mingled trimness and neatness contrast with the insolent unconcern of an encroaching forest.

Father Desgodins. At Ari I am fifty miles from Darjeeling on the road to Tibet. I have taken the route to Chumbi via Kalimpa, in British Bhutan. The road goes no further, but it compasses some arduous ascents. On the other hand, it avoids the low, malarious valleys of Sikkim, where the path is constantly carried away by slips. There is less chance of a block, and one is above

the cholera zone. But I was chiefly induced to take the Bhutan route by the prospect of meeting Father Desgodins, a French Catholic priest, who, after fifty years' intimacy with various Mongol types, is probably better acquainted with the Tibetans than any other living European.

I met Father Desgodins at Pedong. The rest house here looks over the valley to his symmetrical French presbytery and chapel, perched on the hillside amid waving maize fields, whose spring verdure is the greenest in the world. Scattered over the fields are thatched Lamas' houses and low-walled stupas with overhanging eaves and praying flags—houses of the wind, as the Tibetans picturesquely call them, are carried to the good god, whoever he may be, who watches their particular fold and tends off intruding spirits as well as material invaders.

Pere Desgodins is an erect old gentleman with quiet, steely-gray eyes and a tawny beard now turning gray. He is known to few Englishmen, but his ad-

venturous travels in Tibet and his devoted, strenuous life are known throughout the continent of Europe.

The Occasion Missed. He was sent out from France to the Tibet mission shortly after the murder of Kriek and Baur by the Mission. Failing to enter Tibet from the south through Sikkim, he made preparations for an entry by Ladak. His journey was arrested by the Indian military, when he was one of the bested at Agra. He afterward penetrated Western Tibet as far as Kham, but was recalled to the Chinese side, where he spent twenty-two perilous and adventurous years in the establishment of the mission at Batang and Bonga. The mission was a splendid one, and he was a gentleman. Tall and broad, his upright figure was quite athletic in spite of his advancing years. He had a well-trimmed beard and a white hair.

Story of a Romance. Never, said he, could any one have been so happy as he had been with his dear wife. For twenty-eight years he had been

GLADSTONE'S SON RESIGNS RECTORSHIP

Bids Touching Farewell to Congregation of Which His Great Father Was a Member.



REV. STEPHEN GLADSTONE

LONDON, August 20. The Rev. Stephen Gladstone has resigned the rectorship of Hawarden, which he held for thirty-two years.

In the course of his letter the reverend gentleman says: "All these years have been blessed to us by the life among us of so many true Christians. What strength and courage in true example has been given to us by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, whom alone you will let me name here, because their lives had to be lived in public before the world; and the men and women of this country have been powerfully influenced by the devout life, by the simple but fervent faith which we felt and saw in our very midst."

"And I know in the departure of my wife you will feel a great gap. Ever since February, 1885, you welcomed her here so graciously, she has learned how to feel for you and to work for you from that great heart of my dear mother; and I know that you feel she has somewhat followed in those very steps. Could we and better?"

FRAUCHETTI ROBBED BY ROMAN FOOTPADS

Noted Italian Composer Held Up in a Suburb of the Eternal City.

ROME, August 20. Baron Frauchetti, the well-known composer, son-in-law of Baron Edouard de Rothschild, was attacked by highwaymen while motoring yesterday along a lonely part of Montecitorio road.

Woods line the road on both sides. Several men suddenly issued from these, and some of them sprang on the motor-car, which was proceeding slowly at the time. The men were all armed with revolvers. The leader of the band pressed the muzzle of his revolver to the Baron's forehead, and the chauffeur, who was driving at a rapid rate, ran into an obstruction in the road.

The motor was overturned and its occupants thrown out. Countess Terzaghi sustained a broken arm, while her daughter and the coachman escaped with slight injury.

At Grunden, a Venetian brewer named Herfeldt, knocked down and killed a peasant, who was trying to steady a team of horses startled by the rattle of the brewer's rushing motor car. Herfeldt was arrested, but declared that he was not responsible for the death of the peasant.

HAPPY MARRIED COUPLES AWARDED HISTORIC PRIZE

Two Whose Domestic Lives Have Been Without a Shadow for Years Given the Famous Dummond Fitch

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, August 10.

In a pleasant meadow under the lee of a red-roofed quaint and straggling Dunmow there stood yesterday a great white tent.

And passing from the sunshine into the marvellous shade the nostrils were pleasantly assailed by a faint, sweet aroma of well-cured ham.

The delicate and alluring scent came from two noble sides of bacon, whose rich brown skins had been decked with gay rosettes as they hung upon tent poles. These were the Dummond fitches, the fitches which year by year a Court of Love awards to couples who can prove that their married lives have been a time of unalloyed content.

The Lovers' Confession.

But this they have first to prove, swearing by the "Quintessence of Confession" that they never made nuptial transgression; that, since they were married man and wife.

By household brawls or contentious strife, or otherwise at bed or board.

Offended each other by deed or word, or in a twelvemonth and a day.

Or since the parish clerk said "Amen," wished themselves unmarried again; but continued true and in desire.

As when they joined hands in holy choir.

Over this Court of Love presides a solemn judge. Bewigged counsel argue for and against the lovers' case, and a jury of six maidens and six bachelors find whether the plaintiff's strange and fearful oath be true.

Within the Court of Love yesterday there sat rows of women and young girls. The memory of the lovers was written on the faces of the women, and the hope of love shone in the eyes of the girls.

Presently within the Court of Love the terrible voice of the usher called "silence!" and the maidens and bachelors rose. The maidens, all in white frocks and big white hats, lifted their eyes for a moment to the sweetly odorous fitch, and demurely cast them down again.

Six young men, with the blush of nervous bachelors upon their cheeks, ambled after the girls, and took their seats behind them.

The Claimants Enter.

The red-robed judge took his seat, and bowed to the black-gowned counsel; and then in came the couples who claimed the fitch.

Their hair was gray, but they blushed like boys and girls to hear the clapping of hands which greeted them.

The jury having been sworn, up jumped Sam Humphreys, counsel for the claimants, and looked to the judge. "My lord," he said, "I appear for the claimants, Mr. and Mrs. Holford, of Putney."

"My lord," said T. Gibbons, "I appear for the claimants, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, of Putney."

In opening his speech for the claimants Mr. Humphreys poured forth a flood of eloquence that left the judge amazed.

Twenty-eight years ago, he said, Mr. Holford returned to England after much travelling, and met his wife-to-be at a dance.

As he watched her gliding gracefully about the room it seemed to him that feet were like little mice, which from her petticoats peeped in and out. Her hair was not less sunny than the brightness of the moon. In short, he realized at once he had found his true affinity.

Mr. Holford went into the witness-box, and gave a splendid account of his charming wife, and met his wife-to-be at a dance.

Never, said he, could any one have been so happy as he had been with his dear wife.

For twenty-eight years he had been

married to her only six days—once to go fishing with his son and once to take her daughter to school in Paris.

He had many hobbies. He was a disciple of the camera, of the microscope and of electricity. All day, when at his hobbies, his wife sat by his side, and in the evening she read to him.

All those statements Mrs. Holford, a sweet-faced, gray-haired woman, bore out to the full.

In cross-examination Mr. Holford said that the happiest day of his life had been his wedding day, and the most he had enjoyed the most was his wedding breakfast. Once, it was true, his wife had let him go fishing, and had supplied him with no bait. Also, he said, he had given up traveling because his wife could not bear the sea.

Out of these admissions Mr. Gibbons constructed a harrowing picture of Mr. Holford's domestic unhappiness.

Mr. Holford, he said, though of a roving disposition, had been chained at home by his wife. Only for six days in twenty-eight years had he been allowed to escape.

On the other hand, he had inflicted terrible hardships on his wife.

He kept her head in a vice all day, while he photographed her in different positions, and then used a microscope to find the likeliest angles.

Throughout these innuendoes Mr. and Mrs. Holford sat and smiled into each other's eyes.

Nor were the jury influenced, for without leaving the box they found a verdict for the claimants.

The second couple were Mr. and Mrs. Quizsin, of Marylebone.

With much flowery rhetoric, interspersed with many personal references, Mr. Humphreys said that Mr. Quizsin had met his bride by rescuing her after a fall in Runel square, fourteen years ago. They had five children, but never a cross word.

Mr. Francis Jeune Consulted.

Finally, out of his cross-examination, came the admission that they had been married in a registry office.

Mr. Gibbons cast them down again.

"My lord," said he, "I can proceed no further with this case. The words of the confession are 'Since the parish clerk said amen,' and 'when you joined hands in holy choir.'"

He could not admit the fitch was intended for those married in registry offices.

Counsel for claimants vigorously protested, and the judge smoothed things over by saying that he had anticipated the point, and had consulted with Mr. Francis Jeune. His learned brother had ruled that the words simply signified the act of marriage, which was "as good in a registry office as in a church."

When the laughter of the Court of Love had died away, Mr. Gibbons searchingly cross-examined Mrs. Quizsin.

You say you have one purse between you? Yes, sir.

Who fills that purse? My husband, sir.

Who empties it? I do, sir.

Mr. Gibbons (with much sighing): Ah!

Counsel then proceeded to give a sarcastic account of the Quizsin's alleged romance.

Solemnly the judge charged the jury, saying that neither the bachelors again, without leaving the box, returned a verdict for the claimants.

Then, with fitches borne before them, the claimants were chaired and carried to the old gray stones, upon which they knelt before the judge to make their quaint confession.

It was a pretty sight, only it seemed to be somewhat playing with the tenderest of human feelings; and there were tears in more than one woman's eyes.

KING EDWARD SENDS RICH GIFT TO HAMBURG

Visit of the English Sovereign to German Free City Aptly Commemorated.

HAMBURG, August 20. Bearing the inscription, "The Gift of Edward VII. King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, etc., to the Senate of the free and Hanse town of Hamburg, in remembrance of his Majesty's visit June 23, 1904, and a golden silver gilt wine flagon, set with precious stones and richly enameled, has been forwarded by the King to the Hamburg Senate."

The vessel is entirely of British workmanship, and stands 2 1/2 inches high. On the lid is a replica of the King's crown, while on one side is the monogram, "E. R. VII." and on the other the royal arms.

Child Shot for a Deer.

BERLIN, August 20.—Near the German town of Cassel, a sportsman named Knecht had shot a child of 8 in the twilight. He had made the child, who was leaning about among the furze, for a deer.

HIGH-HEELED SHOES LED NIGH TO DEATH

Woman Gets Caught in Metal of Tramway and is Badly Crushed by Car.

PARIS, August 20.

While crossing the tramway lines in the Boulevard Sebastopol Mmes. Ernestine Roger, a young married woman, who was carrying a child of 3 by the hand, fell over, emphatic proof of her life was given. The bachelors and the girls, the dogs to pieces. Then he turned on the native, who fled.

The animal, mad with pain and rage, next attacked Mr. Hough with great fury. The farmer, left alone to do battle and unarmed, tried to throttle the beast.

With the flesh torn from his arms from shoulder to wrist, Mr. Hough fell exhausted to the ground. Then, by good luck, one hand came in contact with a stone. This Mr. Hough seized, and with it fractured the baboon's skull.

EMPEROR TOO OLD TO TRAVEL

Francis Joseph to Meet King Edward at Marienbad Instead of London.

VIENNA, August 20.—According to the Neue Freie Presse, the Emperor Francis Joseph has announced that henceforth, owing to advancing years, he will be unable to return abroad the visits of foreign monarchs.

This announcement is understood to have been made to avoid possible offense to King Edward, whose last visit will be returned by the Emperor at Marienbad at the end of the month.



GENEVA HOTBED OF RUSSIAN PLOTTERS

Here Murder of Minister de Flehve and Campaign of Revolution Were Concocted.

GENEVA, August 20. The assassination of M. de Flehve was undoubtedly planned here.

The Central Committee of the Borjaya Organisation, the chief Russian revolutionary organization, has been traced to a quiet chalet at Hermance, near the French frontier, on the shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Here meetings have been held, orders issued, and the whole affair planned. The villa was let to a supposed retired French tradesman named Duval, but the members of the committee made their way there singly in small boats as fishermen, and also by road as cyclists, from Geneva, making the journey either in the early morning or late at night.

A high wall surrounded the house and prevented the curious from seeing what was going on, and there were boarders displaying warnings to trespassers. Both the Swiss and the French police had strong suspicions regarding the house, but there was nothing to justify interference.

From this villa, three weeks ago, three emissaries started bearing the death warrants of the Emperor, the Czar, and the Kaiser. The powerful men in Russia, beside minute plans for a general uprising.

On the day of the assassination the committee met at midnight and decided a final proclamation to St. Petersburg.

This proclamation demanded the establishment of a representative Republic in Russia, freedom for the press, free speech and permission to hold public meetings, the suppression of certain harsh laws against the Jews, Armenians, Finns and Poles, the immediate cessation of the war with Japan and an amnesty for all political prisoners.

MURDER AND SUICIDE RESULT FROM JOKE

Man Driven to Jealousy by Neighbors Shoots His Wife and Hangs Himself.

BERLIN, August 20. After constantly joking with him about his pretty wife's want of fidelity, which they had no real reason to suspect, some friends of a prosperous shopkeeper named Sander, living at Dresden, in Saxony, at length went so far as to send her a basket of flowers on her birthday with some anonymous verses signed "From a faithful admirer."

Although assured by his wife that she knew no one who could have sent the gift, Herr Sander would not believe her, and the same night shot her dead, subsequently hanging himself in the room where his 13-year-old daughter was sleeping.

IRELAND'S POPULATION GOING STEADILY DOWN

DUBLIN, August 20.—From 1801 to 1900 the decrease in the population of Ireland has been steady and unbroken. A blue book, issued yesterday, shows a drop from 4,600,378 in 1801 to 4,468,503 in 1900. One million fifty-five thousand and twenty births were registered in the ten years, as compared with 1,160,463 in the previous decade, and the deaths numbered 338,035, against 353,118.

There were 21,328 marriages in the ten years, and a well-marked decrease in early marriages is shown.

The number of persons who signed the marriage registers, as compared with those who made their mark has steadily increased from 54.4 per cent. of men and 47.7 per cent. of women in 1851 to 84.3 per cent. and 89.3 of women in 1900.

HAS TERRIFIC FIGHT WITH MONSTER BABOON

Wounded Animal Tears Dogs to Pieces, and Then Attacks Their Owner.

CAPE TOWN, August 20. Robert Hough, proprietor of Kamech's Farm, Uthman, Cape Colony, yesterday saw a giant baboon in his orchard, and shot him at 200 yards. The animal was severely wounded, but got away, and was next seen on the top of an adjoining hill.

Taking with him his two terriers and a native Mr. Hough went after the baboon, which fell, and was thought to be dead. When the terriers reached him, howling, emphatic proof of his life was given. The bachelors and the girls, the dogs to pieces. Then he turned on the native, who fled.

The animal, mad with pain and rage, next attacked Mr. Hough with great fury. The farmer, left alone to do battle and unarmed, tried to throttle the beast.

With the flesh torn from his arms from shoulder to wrist, Mr. Hough fell exhausted to the ground. Then, by good luck, one hand came in contact with a stone. This Mr. Hough seized, and with it fractured the baboon's skull.

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